

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Suitor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supream Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-holne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Pisano, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highnesse deere.

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th' Arabian-Bird; and I
Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foore,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest note, to whose kindnesse I am most infinitely tied. Reslett vpon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

Leonatus.

So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th'rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks fairest Lady:

What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish twixt
The fire Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mooves the other. Nor i'th' iudgement:
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite.
Sluttery to such neare Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:

That satiate yet vnslatish'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Rauening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him:
He's strange and peeuish.

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so game some: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I neuer saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girl at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughs from's free lungs cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knowes
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choofe
But must be will's free houres languish:
For assured bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood, with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heare him mocke the Frenchman:

But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.
Imo. Not he I hope.

Iach. Not he:

But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'ft I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deserues your pity?

Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Snuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliuier with more opennesse your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
(I was about to say) enioy your — but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discouer to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheeke

To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
To'th oath of loyalty. This obiekt, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)

Exit.

Slaves

S lauer with lippes as common as the flayres
That mount the Capitoll: Toyme gripes, with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood as
With labour:) then by peeping in an eye
Bale and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such reuole.

Imo. My Lord, I heare

Has forgot Brittain.

Iach. And himselfe, not I

Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce

The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces

That from my muteest Conscience, to my tongue,

Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.

Iach. O deereft Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart

With pity, that doth make me sick: A Lady

So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie

Would make the great King double, to be partner'd

With Tomboyes hy'd, with that selfe exhibition

Which your owne Coffets yeeld: with diseas'd ventures

That play with all Infirmities for Gold,

Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boy'd Ruffe

As well might poyson Poyson. Bereueng'd,

Or she that bore you, was no Queene, and you

Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reueng'd:

How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,

(As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares

Must not in haste abuse if it be true,

How should I be reueng'd?

Iach. Should he make me

Liue like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold sheets,

Whiles he is vauking variable Ranges

In your despiht, vpon your puffe: reuenge it,

I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,

More Noble then that runagate to your bed,

And will continue fast to your Affection,

Still close, as sure,

Imo. What hoa, Pisano?

Iach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes.

Imo. Away: I do condemne mine eares, that haue

So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable

Thou wouldst haue told this tale for Vertue, not

For such an end thou seek'st: as base, as strange:

Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre

From thy report, as thou from Honor: and

Solicites heere a Lady, that is as farre

Thee, and the Diuell alike. What hoa, Pisano?

The King my Father shall be made acquainted

Of thy Affair: if he shall thinke it fit,

A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart

As in a Romish Stew, and to expound

His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court

He little cares for, and a Daughter, who

He not respects at all. What hoa, Pisano?

Iach. O happy Leonatus I may say,

The credit that thy Lady hath of thee

Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse

Her assur'd credit. Blessed be you long.

A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer

Country call'd his; and you his Mistress, onely

For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon

I haue spokt this to know if your Affiance

Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,

That which he is, new o're: And he is one

The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,

That he enchants Societies into him:

Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;

He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,

More then a mortall seeming. Be not angry

(Most mighty Princeesse) that I haue aduentur'd

To try your taking of a false report, which hath

Honour'd with confirmation your great Iudgement,

In the election of a Sir, so rare,

Which you know, cannot erre. The lone I beare him,

Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you

(Vnlike all others) chaffeleffe. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:

Take my powre i'th Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot

T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,

And yet of moment too, for it concerns:

Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends

Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord

(The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes

To buy a Present for the Emperor:

Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done

In France: 'tis Plate of rare device, and Jewels

Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,

And I am something curious, being strange

To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you

To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:

And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since

My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them

In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke

Attended by my men: I will make bold

To send them to you, onely for this night:

I must aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word

By length'ning my returne. From Gallia

I cross the Seas on purpose, and on promise

To see your Grace.

Imo. I thanke you for your paines:

But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please

To greet your Lord with writing, doo't to night;

I haue out-stood my time, which is materiall

To'th tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:

Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept;

And truly yeelded you: you're very welcome. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Clotten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? when I killt
the Iacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and then a whorion Iacke-an-Apes

must